The Past Always Catches Up

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/25912513.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Post-Fall (Hannibal), Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Top Hannibal Lecter, Established Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Angst with a Happy Ending, Fluff and Smut, Dark Will Graham, Inspired by A Christmas Carol, Bullying, Childhood Trauma, Childhood Memories, Anal Sex, Oral Sex, Rimming
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of Post Fall
Stats:	Published: 2020-08-15 Words: 4,762 Chapters: 1/1

The Past Always Catches Up

by toggledog

Summary

At Will's behest, Will and Hannibal are in New Orleans, not far from Will's childhood town, to investigate the imprisonment of a man Will is certain is innocent. While there, Will is reminded of not only his own childhood but also the former abuse and manipulation from Hannibal, which led to his own arrest for Hannibal's crimes. Hannibal, fearing Will is going to abandon him, dreams that night of Mischa, who guides him through Will's past, present and future.
Hannibal awakens determined to prove to Will his devotion and need for him to stay.

Part of my "Post Fall" series but can also be read as a stand alone

Notes

As indicated in the tags, this is very loosely inspired by "A Christmas Tale".
Warning for references to childhood bullying, as well as the murder of a main character (though in a dream).

Their flip flops tapped on the pavement, as they silently wandered down the moderately busy street. On either side, single story creole cottages, with their latticed shutters, arcades and asymmetrical arched openings, intertwined with grander creole townhouses, which displayed more ornate and intricately patterned cast iron balconies before sturdy red bricked frames. Though the sun's golden orb was now a mere peak below the horizon, eager chatter combined with jazz tunes drifting out of open doorways delighted Hannibal's throbbing eardrums. The hot sun of the day had contributed to a balmy night, for which Hannibal, despite not typically concerned about such middling aspects of life as the weather, was pleased.

But then, his general great mood, now that Will Graham lay beside him every night, contributed to him basking in more of the trivialities of life.

On instinct, he grabbed Will's hand in his own, a secret thrill exploding through him at them being out in the open, risking being caught. They were, after all, back in the country in which Hannibal was wanted on multiple charges of homicide. He half expected a rush of police cars to zoom down the street, and slam to a skid in in front of them, before an armed officer came out, ordering Hannibal to the ground. However, the ones who passed favoured them with the briefest of glances of appraisal.

"When the bough broke, this area was barely touched," Will murmured.

"Is this indicative of your upbringing, Will?" Hannibal asked, gesturing to the upscale architecture around them, then rose his brows at the corresponding giggle that issued from Will's larynx.

"Hardly. No, I wasn't even brought up in New Orleans but a tiny town fifty miles or so out. New Orleans was to us country folk like New York, or London… or Paris…"

"Perhaps you would be inclined to show me. You saw where I grew up. It seems only fair."

Will stopped walking and reached up to absently wipe a curl from his forehead. "And what precisely do you want to see? The weatherboard houses with sixteen-year-old girls pregnant out front? Or the corner were all the drug deals go down, or even better, the local pub where the same men come in every night to drink to their lonely lives?"

"Will, it is not in your character to stereotype those of lower class in such a hideous fashion," Hannibal squeezed his hand.

"That was me!" Will said. "That *is* me. I grew up poor, I've already told you this!"

"I did too, if you would recall. It was fate that my aunt and uncle rescued me from the orphanage. But you, my beloved, you managed to pull yourself up into the middle class."

The tiny line, which always showed when he realised he'd made a fundamental mistake, displayed in the centre of Will's forehead.

"I'm sorry. I wasn't implying…"

Not caring for the stares of those who passed, Hannibal cupped Will's jaw in his palms. "The past is an illusion, Will. We are not bound to it. So, you grew up poor. Why does this still affect you? You can have anything you want, right now."

"I don't care for rich trinkets," Will said, pulling Hannibal's hands down from his face. "I know you like to buy us all these fancy clothes… gold cufflinks Hanny, really?" He tapped his index finger on the cufflinks tied to the sleeves of Hannibal's nattily pressed suit.

"I am more than aware of that," Hannibal said, running his own fingers down Will's silk shirt. "It's my pleasure to buy you items that coincide with my love of aesthetics. A beautiful man as yourself deserves to be dressed in only the finest."

"You always said it doesn't matter what I wear," Will's lips quirked.

"Ultimately, no," Hannibal bent down to press his lips against his forehead. "You could wear a potato sack and it would make no difference to your beauty."

"Ah such a romantic," Will giggled. "Should we get some food?"

*

"Pompano en papillotte," the waiter said, placing the plate displaying the white sauce dripped fish on a paper pouch before Hannibal.

"Merci," Hannibal said, grinning at the sight of the plate containing the much bigger serve of Oysters Rockefeller being set down before Will.

The waiter moved away, leaving them to their privacy. Will's attention was drawn out of the lace curtain to the street outside, so Hannibal took advantage to admire the refinement of his features under the golden lights and chandelier hanging from the white ceiling above them.

"Will…" Hannibal whispered.

Will swivelled away from the window to face Hannibal, who lifted his wine glass. They clicked glasses together.

"Is it painful to be back here?"

"What do you think?" Will said, his blue irises flashing, before his dark eyelashes flickered down. "I'm sorry. It's a beautiful area…"

"You rarely talk of your childhood, which leads me to believe it was an unhappy one."

"Nor do you," Will fired back.

"Mine wasn't a happy one, this is true," Hannibal admitted, taking a sip of the fruity alcohol, which was a tad too bitter for his cultured palate. "You are aware of the loss early on in life, as I am aware of yours. We both suffered from poverty, neglect…"

“I’d rather not talk about this… I’m sorry, Hanny,” Will said, thumb stroking up and down the stem of his wine glass.

Hannibal took another sip of his wine, put the glass down on the white table cloth and concentrated on his dinner, which was a delicious and succulent as it appeared.

*

Groans and whimpers combined with the slap of skin on skin sounded in the cramped space. The three-star hotel room was not in correspondence with Hannibal’s sophistication. Upon entering, he’d spied dust on the wall cornices. Further inspection revealed a dead cockroach in the cupboard under the television and mould on the bathroom ceiling. Even as he fucked Will face down into the mattress, he was cautious to allow as little of his flesh to touch the sheets as possible, which at least appeared clean. Will, whose limber body thrust back to meet Hannibal’s own, had no such compulsions. He had been the one to choose the hotel, citing privacy and closeness to the local prison, over luxury.

“You want to come?” Hannibal asked, hand steadily stroking Will’s cock in time with his hard thrusts.

“Come with me,” Will replied, flinging his head back, to allow Hannibal free reign to bite the flesh of his neck and shoulders. “Come with me.”

Hannibal obliged to his wishes, allowing the pulsation of Will’s inner muscles around his cock, as his whimpers reached peak volume, to bring out his own intense release, shuddering as he came inside his beloved.

Still trembling, Hannibal collapsed on top of Will, sucking on his right shoulder blade.

“Too much of that delicious food tonight, huh?” Will’s voice still betrayed a slight tremble.

“Are you implying I’m putting on weight?” Hannibal asked as he pulled out of Will’s opening and moved off him.

Will sat up and ran his hand down Hannibal’s taut stomach. “Still gorgeous.”

“You still plan to go to the prison tomorrow?” Hannibal slung an arm around Will’s shoulders to play with the curls on the back of his head.

“I’ll be careful, don’t worry. No one will know it’s me,” Will’s light touch continued on Hannibal’s abdomen.

In a change from their routine of stalking followed by murder, Will had convinced Hannibal to come to Louisiana, to talk to a prisoner he was sure was sure was innocent of the crimes he had been found guilty of. Bryan Steinford, a chemistry student, hand been sentenced to life imprisonment three months before, for the murder of five people, including his professor.

“You have a working hypothesis you still haven’t informed me of,” Hannibal said.

Will responded by pressing his lips along his jawline. He had been researching the case with the tenacity of one with a university position, utilising all of the resources at their disposal, as master criminals.

“Will?”

“If we look at the first four victims, they all had one thing in common and it wasn’t just that Bryan Steinford was vaguely associated with them. They were all closely associated with Professor Langford. *He* had motive to murder all of them, not Steinford.”

“You’re proposing Langford faked his own death and framed Bryan Steinford?” Hannibal asked.

“That’s *exactly* what I’m proposing,” Will said.

*

After Will left to visit the New Orleans Parish Prison for the day, it didn’t take much of Hannibal’s inconsiderable intellect to locate Langford, in the cabin that served as his holiday home, on the outskirts of the Jean Lafitte National Park. While logic dictated that if the professor was faking his own death he would sneak overseas, Hannibal bet his knowledge of human pride over fear, in this case. Langford would want to be relatively close to the prison, to pride himself on his accomplishment.

After dropping off the drugged and handcuffed man outside the police station’s front door, he returned to his and Will’s hotel room, to find Will seated on the bed, pretty visage scrunched up in grumpy expression.

“I have good news. You will be pleased to hear I located the previously deceased Langford.”

This news provoked a slight reaction from Will, whose facial muscles smoothed and widened.

“Certainly, it was a result of your meticulous research. It was a mere mention in your research; Langford’s holiday home. It took only one phone call to find the location. I disguised myself, drugged him and delivered him to the police station.”

“So, I was right. Bryan Steinfeld was framed,” Will said, his tone quiet. “I did manage to talk to him. Discovered one thing I wasn’t able to find out with my research.” An opaque emotion swam in his blue irises, one that dried the saliva in Hannibal’s mouth. “Did you notice Langford was missing his thumb?”

Hannibal nodded, swallowed what pitiful saliva remained.

"He drugged Bryan and shoved it down his oesophagus, for him to vomit out later. Sound familiar?”

“Will…”

“What am I doing here? What the hell am I doing?”

“You’re here because this is who you are, Will.”

Will shook his head. “No, you’ve been manipulating me, from the beginning.”

Hannibal’s stomach sank.

Here we go again.

“I did manipulate you in the beginning, it’s true. As we have discussed, I wasn’t able to control my reactions to the depths of my feelings for you.”

“Everything you did to me…You abused me… violated me…And you enjoyed it.”

“Will, let me-“ Hannibal held out to touch him.

Will flinched away from his murder partner.

“I can’t…Give me some space, please…”

Will stood and grabbed his coat. Hannibal allowed him to leave the room, to slam the door behind himself, before wiping down the bed cover and sitting down on the mattress, concentrating on what had just occurred. After the original fall, in which they resided in Bedelia’s house while recovering, Bedelia had informed Hannibal he would never have Will, not entirely. The compassionate part of him would always rebel against Hannibal.

In the depths of the dark path they had travelled, Will never held back, throwing himself into all aspects of their murderous lives together, achieving joy in the slashing of flesh of those Will deemed inferior, in their own murderous actions. On rare occasion, regret and uncertainty would colour Will’s interactions with Hannibal and he would again remind Hannibal of his previous misdeeds. He had even left the house before. However, he always returned.

This time, he returned an hour later. In the interim, Hannibal had showered and attempted to clean the room as best he could.

“Where am I going to go?” Will asked. “I have nowhere else to go. You made it that way.”

“No, Will. This is your choice. If you wish to walk out the door, if you wish to go to the police, you can.”

Will’s nostrils flared, blue irises glittering.

“I have nowhere else to go.”

*

Though Will lay beside him, the smaller man was bereft of his typical warmth and yearning for his murder partner, instead issuing a chill that goosepimpled Hannibal’s flesh, despite the balmy night air. Will had not spoken to him since arriving back in the room, leading to an awkward dinner in a nearby restaurant. After returning to their hotel room, Will had

showered and Hannibal had attempted seduction, removing Will's towel and sinking to his knees. Will had stepped away.

"No."

So, losing his angst in the ecstasy of flesh on flesh was not an option for Will that night. Hannibal instead had stood and with his cat like grace, walked to the shower.

Lying in bed with his beloved cold and untouchable beside him, Hannibal made his choice. He would go to the police the next day, would confess to his crimes.

Would tell them Will had been forced to go along with him, was a victim of him. Will would finally be free of him.

*

"Hannibal…" Little girl's voice.

Hannibal turned in his sleep, to her standing before him, lace dress encrusted with dirt, curls tied up in a high pony. She bore the large dark eyes of their mother.

"Mischa…" He whispered.

The little girl reached out her hand for him and he took it.

"Mischa, I've missed you," he said, as the scenery changed to a school playground. "This is a dream, isn't it?"

Children rushed past him, forcing him to take a step back. They stood in the centre of a basketball court. Hannibal sneered at the laughter and loud noise that accompanied the children's play. One in particular, however, grabbed his attention. The child was further back from the others, sitting with this back against the back fence of the school, picking the grass with a desultory air. His clothes were shabby and ill fitting, his hair a mess of dark curls. He kept pushing his glasses up his nose.

"Will…" Hannibal said, moving forward, to kneel before the young boy.

"He can't hear you. This is a memory," Mischa explained.

Laughter sounded and two larger boys stood before young Will.

"If it isn't the weirdo. What you up to, weirdo?" The fatter of the boys poked at Will with his foot.

"Please, leave me alone…" Young Will said.

"Freak! That's what you are!" This time the kick to his thigh had more force exerted, causing Will to yelp in clear pain, before the two bullies walked off, chuckling.

Young Will picked at the grass once more, eyes sparkling with tears.

“Will…” Hannibal knelt before him, touching his shoulder, only for his arm to go straight through. Images stabbed at his brain of a similar young boy, in a different country, also alone from the other children, of similar words lobbed at him, in a different language, the children’s anger a cover for their fear of the unfamiliar *(why doesn’t he act like us?)*.

The scene changed, reverted back to the room. Hannibal found himself apart from his own physical being, looking down at the resting Hannibal on the bed, curled in, towards Will, who sat up, staring at Hannibal.

“Will,” the Hannibal standing took a step forward.

On the bed, Will’s expression was inscrutable. He reached forward and trailed his fingers down Hannibal’s cheek, before flinching and pulling back, lying back down and rolling to face away from the other man.

“You plan to leave him, don’t you?” Mischa asked. “Tomorrow morning. You plan to hand yourself in.”

“If he no longer desires to be with me, I have no other choice,” Hannibal said.

“Of course, he still wants to be with you! Why else is he still staying?” Mischa asked, placing her small hands on her small hips.

“Because he feels he has no choice. If he no longer loves me, then I don’t want him to stay with me. It’s that simple,” Hannibal said.

“No, it isn’t.”

The scenery changed once more. Hannibal instantly recognised the utilitarian steel lockers and equipment of the bright and sterile room to be a morgue. On the steel table before him lay a corpse.

“No, what is this?” Hannibal asked.

The pale flesh, which he had paid devotion to with fervent touches by his mouth and hands, was now coloured with bruises, misshappen with a broken tibia and femur, the face (*oh Will your beautiful face!)* in its deformed swelling and discolour was unrecognisable, the only aspect detailing him as Will his blood drenched curls.

“What happened to him?” Hannibal asked, stroking his fingers through his bloodied hair.

“After you leave him tomorrow, he goes looking for you. Ends up in a bad part of town. Is beaten and robbed. This is the result.”

Hannibal’s brows knitted together. “He’s murdered by someone merely for the money in his pocket?” Will always carried less than twenty dollars on him, preferring bank cards.

“His attacker is high on meth, agitated after the breakup of his marriage. Will is a convenient target.”

Hannibal turned away from Will's disfigured corpse. "Tell me who it is."

Mischa shook her head.

"If it's not Will, it will be someone else. Will would argue this one deserves our personal brand of… justice."

"This isn't about that man," Mischa said.

*

"Hannibal!" A soft touch shook his shoulder. Hannibal groaned and shuffled forward, burying his nose in the flesh of Will's neck. "Hannibal, no…"

"Will, please…" Hannibal swivelled to switch on the bedside lamp, before turning back to his partner, who now sat up in bed.

"You were having a nightmare," Will said. "Moaning and thrashing about."

"I dreamed I lost you, forever," Hannibal paused. "I have, haven't I? You are only here in physical body."

Will's face crinkled. "I want to trust you. But talking to Bryan today, seeing how he was also manipulated and framed for murders he didn't commit… brought all of it back. What you did to me. How you hurt me."

"In my nature, I wouldn't consider the notion of having regret for harming you, even if, in my mind, it was in aid of you becoming your greatest self." Hannibal clutched at his stomach. "But I have no reference to compare this gnawing in my stomach with. Regret? Guilt? I don't want to lose you, Will. I *can't* lose you."

"I'm being unfair," Will said, crooked grin at odds with the sorrow in his blue irises. "I'm pure empathy, as you say. I can sense you're being sincere. I shouldn't blame you over and over for what you did in the past. Ever since we've been on the run together, you've never overstepped the line, not once, allowing me complete control, even in our… darkest of crimes together."

Hannibal risked grabbing his hand. This time, Will allowed it.

"I'm sorry I was so cold tonight. You did a good thing, locating that professor. You don't care about whether Bryan achieves justice. You did it for *me*," Will sighed and ran a hand through his curls. "Maybe we shouldn't have come here. Brought up too many bad memories."

Young Will once again entered Hannibal's mind, silently sobbing against the school room fence. He had gathered enough about Will's childhood to recognise signs of childhood bullying. Clearly, his brain had conjured the scene, as well as that of Will's murder, in response to his fear of Will leaving.

You're not actually referring to what has happened with me, Will, are you?

Throughout their acquaintance, and particularly since they had become more intimate, more than once, Will had complained Hannibal never spoke of his past.

I can't lose him. Not now. Not after we've come so far together.

"Hannibal?" Will asked, as Hannibal took a deep, shuddering breath, tightening his hold on Hannibal's hand.

"I dreamed of Mischa."

Will manoeuvred his entire body to give Hannibal his full attention.

"I won't be so simplistic as to say that seeing her murdered and eaten before me, being forced to consume her, caused me to be what I am. The adult mind is far more complex than to be derived from one, or even many traumatic episodes in childhood. I do wonder at times what she would have become. Would she work? Have a family? How different would I be, had I survived?"

"What they did to you is beyond horrific. I'm so sorry, Hannibal. It wasn't right."

"The orphanage I was sent to, before being rescued by my aunt and uncle… The owners were strict disciplinarians. Of course, back then, being smacked for perceived antisocial behaviour was not frowned upon in society, even if it caused bruises."

Will flung his arm around Hannibal's waist and rested his head on his shoulder. Of course, this was Will's attempt at consoling him. This was how people who weren't psychopaths reacted to stories of abuse. On the other hand, people who weren't psychopaths tended not to exaggerate their childhoods, to lure their beloved back to them. Hannibal closed his eyelids and sighed, sated now Will was willing to touch him once more, for Hannibal to run his fingers up and down his spine and through his hair.

The orphanage had, indeed, been dour and miserable; the anguish of the lost children etched in their faces, and Hannibal had been targeted by a particular bully for a time, until he put a stop to the bullying by placing a cockroach in the boy's food and forcing him to eat it. However, though the caretakers were strict, there was no physical punishment.

"There was a boy who enjoyed bullying me, teasing me, tripping me up in corridors, whacking me on the back of the head…"

"I was also bullied, right up until my high school years," Will said, clutching at the cloth of Hannibal's shirt. "I never fit in with the other children."

"The past is gone, Will," Hannibal said. "I doubt those bullies would even think of you now. Maybe they feel remorse for what they did, and maybe not. But that has no impact on your life now."

Will placed his chin on Hannibal's chest, looking up at him with his puppy dog eyes.

"I'm sorry about earlier. How I blamed you, again, for the past you atone for every day. You're right. I don't understand why I'm mourning my childhood. That's in the past, when

my present is right here." He paused to trail his index finger along Hannibal's jaw line. "As well as my future."

Relief relaxed Hannibal's clenched muscles. Will was not going to leave him, stayed not out of practically but out of want. It would be an argument that would come up again, this was, after all, Will's nature. But, for now, he was the victor.

"I know you love me, Will, yearn for me. I have long suspected I love and yearn and obsess over you even more. I don't say this to frighten you. I won't hurt you, not again."

Will now sat up to clamber on top of Hannibal, delivering little pecks the underside of his jawline.

"I'm not frightened of you," Will said. "Never have been. And you're right. I do love you, yearn for you. It could be argued this is to my detriment but it is what it is."

Yes, yes, his Will was here, in his arms, consenting to him pecking his nose, his neck, his cheeks. Will was warm and pliable as they divested each other of their clothes, gave little whimpers of satisfaction as Hannibal delivered slobbering kisses down his torso, to lick and suck his erect cock with eager satisfaction.

Will allowed him to taste further back, to plunder his opening with first his mouth, followed by his lube covered fingers, to jab at the spot that caused the whimpers to change to straight moans. Wrapping Will's legs around his waist, Hannibal took him hard and fast the way he enjoyed, careful not to thrust too hard, to cause the cries of ecstasy to become yelps of pain.

"You love me," Hannibal said, gazing down upon Will's pink cheeks, elongated mouth.

"Especially when you're fucking me this hard."

Hannibal smirked and nibbled on his neck, devoting all of his attentions, his deliberate thrusts against Will's sweet spot inside him and his stroking hand on his cock, to cause Will's heaving chest to now duplicate in movement, for his pink cheeks to now discolour red, his head flung back as his come spurted over his stomach. Not slowing down his thrusts, Hannibal wiped the fluid off Will's stomach with his hand and licked his fingers, relishing in the salty flavour, before combining Will's tongue with his own, moaning into his lover's mouth, as he reached his own, mind blasting peak.

With both still panting, Hannibal slipped out of Will's hole, to slide down his body once more, parting his legs and manoeuvring them up over his shoulders, moving his now flaccid cock out of the way, and licking the come sliding down his inner thighs before once again plundering his opening to taste where his essence had been deposited.

"Always so clean, Hannibal," Will smirked, as Hannibal swallowed, before kissing Will's inner thighs, still lightheaded from the force of his orgasm. His murder partner tolerated Hannibal tasting both of their semen, especially after he'd come inside his partner, he suspected out of the acknowledgement that Hannibal obtained as much pleasure from tasting his and his partner's semen as the sexual act, itself.

“You always taste so good, Will,” Hannibal kissed up the line of his sweaty abdomen, paying particular attention to the nubs of his nipples, as Will’s fingers trailed through his hair.

“I’m going to pretend that isn’t slightly creepy coming from a known cannibal,” Will said, tipping Hannibal’s chin up to press their mouths together, their tongues entangling, before rolling onto his side. Hannibal rolled with him, placing his knee between Will's legs and clasping his hand around his chest, delighting in the flesh of his supple neck. His Will, his beloved, his equal in his darkness.

Closing his eyelids, that night, Hannibal fell into a dreamless sleep.

*

Consciousness gradually returned to his sleeping body and Hannibal, whose instincts were finely tuned, sensed something was wrong. Frowning, Hannibal opened his eyes, abdomen clenching at the lack of Will in the bed.

Glancing at the ensuite, his muscles tightened further at the open door way, indicating that Will wasn’t in the bathroom either. Shoving the blankets back, he clambered naked out of the bed and stood, in time for a key to be turned in a hatch and a fully clothed Will to walk in, bearing two coffee cups and a newspaper.

“Hannibal, is this an invitation?” His blue irises roved up and down Hannibal’s flesh.

“Perhaps. Do you wish it to be?”

Will came up and they entangled tongues, before Will slipped to his knees. Within two minutes of being inside his partner’s hot wet mouth, Hannibal groaned his release. Will dutifully swallowed and stood. Hannibal raised a brow. His partner only tended to swallow his come on rare occasions.

“It made the paper,” Will said, waving the paper. “Professor Langford confessed to avoid the death penalty. Bryan Steinfeld is going to be released.”

“I’m pleased to hear,” Hannibal said, taking a coffee off him.

“I’m more than pleased,” Will said smiling and pecking Hannibal on his lips. “Do you want to have a shower and get changed? Your coffee shouldn’t get too cold. Then I’d like to get out of here as soon as we can.”

Hannibal took a sip of the coffee and embraced his partner with the hand that wasn’t holding the coffee, nuzzling his hair with his nose.

“You’re frisky this morning,” Will said.

Will is fine. Good.

This was the Will he had fallen for, whose dark impulses were tempered by the brightness of his soul, which eclipsed the most savage of Hannibal’s inclinations.

“I’m sorry about-“ Will’s own hand not holding a cup of coffee stroked the back of Hannibal’s neck.

“Sh… it’s okay… You’re here, with me. That’s all I care for.”

“I’m not going anywhere. I love you, Hannibal.”

Hannibal never considered his stony heart could be broken apart by Will’s words, to be reformed to be stronger, sturdier.

Will whacked him on the backside.

“Go on, get dressed. I want to leave here,” Will said.

“Join me,” Hannibal said, reaching out his hand.

“I guess the coffee can become cold,” Will grinned and allowed Hannibal to take him into the bathroom.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!